

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 31.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

TWENTY DOCTORS IN THE FIELD. The generous support the public is giv-

ing THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund justifies an increase of the corps of tree physicians, and in a few days we shall have twenty doctors in the field.

Of this corps five physicians will be detailed to Brooklyn, and the same methods that have been so successful in practical work in New York will be followed there.

There is, of course, a boundless opportunity for such a noble charity in the metropolis and its vicinity. THE EVENING WORLD does not pretend to cover but a portion of the immense field. But it does aim to do its work thoroughly, and to save as many little lives as possible.

The scope of the work will be even further enlarged should the size of the growing fund

COMPOUNDING PELONY.

The following advertisement appeared conspicuously in yesterday's issue of the Mail and Express :

\$25 REWARD.

\$25 reward and no questions asked for return to the MAIL AND EXPRESS office of four letters left for the postman on the letter-box on 42d Street and Lexington Avenue. PUBLISHER MAIL AND EXPRESS.

Now, the above contains a direct offer to compromise a possible felony, which is a prave offense in the eyes of the law. It is a matter for surprise that a gentleman of Col. SHEPARD's intense convictions should so flagrantly propose to become a violator of law. For that is what it is, and there is no evading the force of the point.

The person who took the letters stole them. To promise immunity to such person if they are returned is hardly the way to uphold the majesty of the law.

There is too much of that kind of dickering with thieves. It is a favorite way bank directors have of teasing absconding cashiers to disgorge a portion of their stealings.

Col. SHEPAUD should be above such

The attempt of CLARENCE W. Bowen to induce the Chamber of Commerce to pass resolutions highly discourteous to Mayor GRANT in connection with the preliminary arrangements for the World's Fair was a flat failure. It is apparent that Mr. Bowen is afraid that he will not be as conspicuous in the coming great event as he desires. There is no mistaking the fact that the people of New York have had a surfeit of Bown in connection with the recent Centennial. What they want now is a prolonged rest from

The manly and forcible manner in which Connelius N. Bliss rebuked young Bowen's squelehed with such unanimity by the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Bowen ought to resiltze what a mighty small potato he is.

days it has been in the shifting for the tender-hearted, to the boat to turn in. "There's a crowd there and I'll pass around the safe," he said. Sure enough, there was a crowd. The pier was thek with people, men and boxs, who meddled with by small try.

GOOD FOR ELLEN!

Two sneak thieves were apprehended last night while meditating a robbery on West Thirty-fourth street through the courageous conduct of the domestic employed in the house intended to be robbed. The girl. ELLEN McCormace, caught the thieves as they were climbing the fence in their attempted flight, when they knew they had been discovered, and despite cruel punishment inflicted upon her by them held the rescals until the police arrived and took them into custody.

Such bravery on the part of male or female is a rarity, and the devotion of this girl to the interests of her employers deserves highest praise and substantial recognition. Good for ELLEN!

Music in Mount Morris Park. Clappe's Seventy-first Regiment band will

WEE SUFFERERS.

Many of Them in the Care of the Free Physicians.

Babes of the Poor Carefully Nursed Back to Life.

Steve Brodie Fills a Little Bank on His Swim.

Nell Nelson and Dr. Constable Make a Record for Themselves.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS. \$100.00 7,224.80 20.02 1.00 2.00 1.00 1.00 1.10 5.00 5.00 Hildesheimer ... berg & Soudheim .. Left Hand Elizabeth Hemsen Brooklyn Inspector Bessie G Port Ewen Hammerslough, Saks & Co.'s Em-Mrs. F. C. R ...

Has Many Calls for Money. To the Editor of The Evening World;

Please accept the inclosed \$1 for your Sick Babies' Fund. I have very little time and many calls for money, but think I can spare a trifle to help a good cause. A. G. Y.

Thanks for Good Wishes.

To the Editor of the Evening World : Find inclosed 50 cents for Sick Babies' Fund. May God bless your noble efforts.

A Thanks Offering.

To the Editor of The Evening World . Inclosed please find my mite, \$5, for the benefit of sick and suffering babies. May God bless and encourage you in your good work, and accept this a thanks offering from LEFT HAND.

A \$5 Contribution.

To the Editor of The Evening World; Please find inclosed check for \$5 for the Baby Fund. ELIZABETH REMSEN, 26 Waverley place.

Help for the Good Work.

To the Editor of The Evening Would; Please accept the inclosed \$2 to help the

good work on, which you have so nobly instituted.

BESSIE G. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Thanks; We Will.

Will you kindly forward the inclosed \$1 to

the poor family who were evicted from 284 Mulberry street. AMANDA. If He Were Jay Gould.

To the Fillier of The Evening World:

I inclose herewith \$1, my contribution to the Sick Children's Fund. If I were Jay Gould I would add six ciphers to the above. G. J. K.

Entertainment for the Baby Fund. The Novelty Quartet have enlisted the services of a number of friends, and will give a musical and literary entertainment, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the Sick

The claim is now set up by certain Alderment that they are not city officers. The object of this claim is to avoid the necessity of resigning their seats as Aldermen by those who have designs on State legislative honors. The Constitution prohibits the election of any person bolding a city effice within one hundred days of a State election to the Legislature.

This argument may throw a flood of light upon the actions of many Aldermen. It is generally thought by the people that there is seant attention paid to the city's welfare by those officials, and it may be that their indifference thereto is attributable to their belief that they are not city officers. But what are they? There are reasons for the belief that they are representatives of private interests.

This is an interesting question.

A MERITED REBUKE.

The alternative of Clarkener W. Bower.

The alternative of the belief that they are representatives of private interests.

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The alternative of the control of the contr

Our specialties are "Men's and Youth's, but this time we have thought it our duty to cater for the little ones. We hope this small sum (\$8.10) will influence other houses in the trade to follow our example. Hoolah Oolah Goolah and talented em-

HAMMERSLOUGH, SARE & Co. FOR SICK BABIES.

Steve Brodle's Long Swim and Collections

on the Boute. "Just heft that! I'm going out to collect

a little and then I'll start up." "That" was a small square iron safe, which was heavy enough, and had a coppery sound assurance was very creditable. After being days it has been in the smiling custody of when its innards were shaken up. For eight

> For every pint of beer that Steve sold four the stream cents went into the safe. The devil, who is a very expensive bronze devil from Paris, and cost a cool \$1,000, seemed to smile more broadly than ever at the idea of his keeping money for poor sick babies. This wasn't in

the line of a Paris devil's work at all. Then Steve Brodie thought he would raise some cash more expeditionsly, and vowed he

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Samaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely evercome.

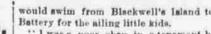
It up, and two small boys started enthusias tically to swim after him. health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is the big mass of Bellevue Hospital rose on the neys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreahed, the nerves strengtheued. The whole system is built up by Hood's Sarasparills.

"I was all run down and unfit for business. I was in duced to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it built me right up so that I was soon able to resume work. I recommend it to all." D. W. BRATE, 4 Martin street, Albany, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Principle a selected programme of music at Mount

C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lovell, Mass.

100 DGMFs. ONE DOOR.





BRODIE IN HIS SWIMMING TOOS. with his honest smile, "and I kinder know what it is for the young ones to be suffering

cooped up there in the heat," After a few minutes Steve came back and the safe was heavier than ever. The Even-Iso Wonin reporter, who was out to see Steve through on his water picnic, took charge of it, and the party took an "L" train to William B. Johnson's swimming school at the foot of West Fifty-fifth street. Stephen B. had his marine regimentals there.

At 12.45 he came on the float in a very puffy rubber suit. He looked like an Esqui-



STEVE AND HIS CHARITABLE DEVIL. man who had been in a coal-mine. Rubber tubes, fore and aft, were dangling from the big head, and a little patch of face looked out

on the water.

'Here just blow me up a little more,"
said Brodie, and one of the young men put
the tube to his mouth and got very red in the

ceeds of which are to be applied to the Sick Babies' Fund. Mr. H. R. Jacobs has kindly loaned his Third Avenue Theatre for the occasion.

The following bill which they have prepared, speaks for itself:

Grand musical and literary entertainment by the Novelty Quartet, at H. R. Jacobs Third Avenue Theatre, Third avenue and Thirty-first street, Saturday evening, Aug. 3, 1886. Proceeds for the benefit of The Eveniso World.

Programme: Part I. Overture, "Potpourre, "Novelty Quartet; vocal, selected John W. Powers; solo whistling, "La Evenetia," Lillie Randell; recitation, "Jack Tar," D. H. Seully; gither solo, selected Chas, Devide; song, "The swimmer in the only boat there, a flat-

sky was lowering, but Steve Brodie had less



READY FOR THE START chance of getting wet than any one in the party. It was only when a big wall of water soused over into his face that he felt as if he

had been waiting to see Steve padule down

"There he is Cully. D've see 'm?" cried one of the "Modees" who was paddling around in the water like a duck. "How are yer, Sieve?" was cried by a dozen voices as the fat looking thing climbed out of the water up on to the pier. Another bomb had been shot off, and several particulored disks sailed slowly down to the water.

After shoving his way through the crowd with his safe. Steve came to the end for the dock and passed the trou receptacle, heavier than ever, down to the reporter in the boat the trumpeter blew his horn and plunk! Brodie was affoat again. The mob on the dock cheered and whooped

river's bank at Twenty-sixth street there was

other landing. Here Mr. Patrick Devine, when he heard the swim and the attending boats were out on sweet charity, declared that the navy ought to be in better condition, and losned the rowers an elegant cedar keel-bottomed boat, the Winds

That is my contribution to the fund.' THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,

trimined so eraily.

At Nineteenth street there was another big crowd, and Brodie pulled in to the pier and was greeted noisily by all the kids. He added considerably to the weight of the small coin safe, and then resumed operations on the

ike to have you try it. Have you got any waster;" said fire ie.

Not a drop. Nor was there anything in the single of beverage. So a passing tig, the Blue Stone, N. Y. was hailed, and she came to and gave the rubber-vested swimmer a dripk of water. At the last landing there had developed a

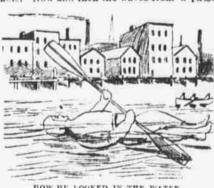
desire to take the iron safe, but this highway-men scheme was put down by the bold front of Steve B. and his attendant, and the pre-cious repository was re urned in due form.

clous repository was returned in due form, heavier than ever.

There was another stretch of masty "tide rips" below here, and the plucky swimmer had to apply to the relief boat for a handker, chief to dry his wet countenance. He gravely dried his face and returned it.

All the beats that passed looked with intense interest at the great bridge-jumper doing his charity swim. They crowded to the rail, and the ladies waved their snowy harming to contract the gravitation of the rail. kerchiels to encourage the generous awin-mer. Now and then he had to steer clear of a big log of wood, and he would send it roll-ing away with a good shove of his rubber

He bugged the Brooklyn shore for a part of the way here, as the water was more favor-able. Now and then the waves from a pass.



HOW HE LOOKED IN THE WATER. ing ferryboat threw him high in the air like a rece of turtle fat in the soup. But Steve

a rice of turtle fat in the soup. But Steve was not in the soup by any means.

As he bridge was approached the swimmer looked up at the dizzy middle point and said to those in the boat. "There is what made

He must have shuddered himself as he

He must have shuddered himself as he lo ked straight up to the dizzy height, and reflected on the faint, swooning constion which came over him as he shot down from there in his famous jump.

As he drew near the Eastery the whole seafront was lined with a thick mass of people, it was 3.10 o'clock precisely when Br die paddled up to the float, and corraling the trop safe proceeded to mass around the low. ron safe proceeded to pass around the box.

There was such a crowd that insteal of waiting for the coin to be put in the slit in the top of the safe, Brodle passed around a derby hat, into which the nickels and pen-

derby hat, into which the hickess and pennies dropped freely.

The small boys, in a state of the wildest admiration surged around the bridge-jumper. They plucked at his hand and cried out, "You're all right, Stove!" "Stove, how was de water?" and a hundred themselves at the other things that suggested themselves at the

At last he made the circuit. The trumpeter blew his last sad notes and the last of the bombs had been exploded, letting fishes and queer Asiatic dolls float downward gently to the water.



THE SWIMMER LANDS AT THE BATTERY. Then the swimmer proceeded to take off his rubber suit, with the help of one or two of the by-tamlers. His merino shirt was wet through with the perspiration. Three hours padding through that sea was no joke.

"Anyhow, the babies have got something to help them," said Steve, passing over the iron box to The Evenisa World reporter. It

Was very heavy now.
When Steve had pulled out of his Boyton suit and jumped into his own clothes he started up the Battery. The crowd followed closely on his heels, and the rapturous small boy, who fully appreciates the nervy chap that makes such daring jumps, got before and behind and assailed him with pleasant friendly remarks.

I guess I'il skip up here and break away."

"I guess I'it skip up here and break away," said Steve, making a charge for the L rteps. The reporter shook his hand warmly clutched the iron safe and returned to the office of The Evening Womin with this last contribution. The combination lock was set at the "LP." and when opened its contents were dumped upon the table. They totted up the neat little sum of \$50.02, in pennies, two-cent pieces, nickels, dimes and quarters.

This is the contribution to the sick babies by the placky coung fellow who jumps from high places. He will jump to a high place in the esteem of mothers with alling children for his good heart and friendly services.

Thanks, Steve. You are a trump.

Thanks, Steve. You are a trump.

NELL NELSON "HUSTLES."

Accompanied by Dr. Constable 200 Famllies Are Visited.

Three hours before meridian we, Dr. Constable and the undersigned, meet in the shadow of the gas tank in Fast Fifteenth street. The doctor catries a bundle of baby clothes, a package of new sponges and his satchel of medicine, instruments and band. ages, together with a visiting list as long as the McAilister register. I have a pocketful of silver and a sudden attack of consternation when his emiuence savs : " Now, young womau, you will have to hustle if you want to keep up with me.

The word hustle is not elegant, but there is to other verb that will express the same degree of action.

We take short cuts; some of them so short that they take my breath away. For instance,

\$50 GOLD WATCH \$50 FOR \$38. One Dollar Weekly.

would swim from Blackwell's Island to the Bettery for the ailing little kids.

'I was a poor chap in a tenement-house for six years," said the stocky little chap.

The stocky little chap.

Mr. Devine said, and the occurants of the sound of the waves gently sloshing against the roof to the next house, creep down to the stocky little chap.

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The stock occurs his body becomes right and of serious injury from contact with the trimmed so erally.

The stocky little wave gently sloshing against the roof to the next house, creep down to the stocky little chap.

The stocky little chap.

The stocky little chap.

The stocky little with fits, and at 800 s bey the control of her muscles is wanting.

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The stocky little with fits and the control of her muscle for a possible invalid. The experience is a mother. new one, for on the tenement roof I get nearer heaven than ever before in my life, and they can't help us." while the doctor is able to accomplish couble the amount of work possible in a more round-"If any of you fellows think this is fun I'd about way. Twenty houses are covered, 290 the younger sister, a sigh for the poor mother

I am hurried along in my efforts to preach domestic science, kitchen gardening and the full of babies all in the clutches of cholers doctrines of soap and water, but for the sick, no matter about the age or sex, the doctor has time, attention, interest and sympathy in atum ance, and generally a prescription.

In the short walk along the sidewalk be looks into baby faces, takes the little one in his arms and tell's the nurse what to do for its comfort. He ties up sore limbs and toes, and several times be passes judgment on a tube nursing bottle, and fits it with a new, clean rubber nipple from his satchel. Three prescriptions are written for sick babies in arms that we meet in the street.

At 257 Avenue B the first house call is made. We go at once to the second floor, rear dat.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad to see you!" is the greeting that comes from a sweet, soft, t'red-voiced little woman who bends over a tub of clothes. The brightness of her face and the goodness that shines in her eyes make her pretty in spite of her poverty. The little room is clean and tidy, the stove is right with polish and over the deal table hangs the immortal " Rock of Ages."

There are four little ones in the family. Two have gone on the excurs on and two are in the kitchen window, Kate, twenty months, and blue-eyed Charles, two mouths. Charles does not take up much room. You could hide him in a eigar-box, and in the rockingchair where he lies he is almost lost. He has meningitis and the Summer complaint, and so little strength that an encounter with a canary would vanquish him. And yet the doctor says, "Ha ha! o'd man," when he sees him, for the night before he had taken Charlie's coffin measure.

Poor Kate has but a slightly firmer hold on life. Her eyes are as blue as sapphires and bair like threads of amber, but if there is any blood in her system it is not apparent from the surface of her slight little body.

Kate has an mordinate thirst for coffee, which is making her as nervous as a kin of St. Vitus. She scorns the regulation baby food, but the doctor presented her with a new kind, and she is to be braced up on codiver oil, dressed up in new clothes and sent to the Seaside Hospital with inanimate Charles

" It is a hard struggle." the mother tells us, for us to live. My husband is a baker. He gets \$8 a week and bread, but we pay \$8 a month for rent, and when the bills are settled there is nothing left to buy clothes.

Mrs. C., who lives at 545 East Sixteenth street, has two beautiful boys, aged eighteen months collectively, that the doctor has just brought through a severe attack of cholera infantum. They live in a front room and are so bereft of the comforts of life: that they have to go to bed while their dress suits are being pressed out.

At 511 East Sixteenth street we find a young woman merrily capering about a back kitchen with Jennie and Jimmie, age two and three ears respectively, the occasion of her joy beng the employment of her husband, who for nine months has been unable to get work. "Here's the letter doctor. Read it for courself. He'll work on a poultry farm up in London, Canada, and get \$9. He starts

to-night. He'll have to pay \$5 a week board, but the other #4 will easily pay the rent and give us plenty to eat. Yesterday we had ething all day but half a pound of crackers a neighbor gave me. This morning my mother-in-law brought the children sugar cakes and gave me 25 cents, and bere's a bit of meat I got for soup.

Do I like my mother-in-law? She's the best woman that ever lived, God bless her! We'd have died long ago of starvation but for her. She sewed carpet for seventeen years but now she is too old to work. Everything

The package the doctor has is for her children. There are slips, shirts, stockings and dresses, a rous, bibs and a pair of shoes, a cake of soap, a box of infant's food and s soft toilet sponge, with which Mr. Jim pro-

ceeds to scour the lame stove. The poor mother's gratitude is expressed in a flood of tears, and when she blindly hunts for the doctor's hand, he pats her or

the shoulder and asks where the baby is. Bartholemew is twenty weeks old and nothing like as long as his name. He has the croup and comes from the dark, closet-like bedroom, beaded with perspiration.

The babe is tenderly stripped of its little slip, the doctor sounds the little lungs presses his car against the slight frame to catch the heart beat, looks concerned, fills three prescriptions for a food, bath and elixir and orders the child to the fresh-air tri down the bay. We give the hopeful young mother money enough for a week's supply of wholesome food for berself and tittle one and leave her softly weeping and beautiful Jim industriously spenging the stove.

At the foot of the stairs a voice calls out Good-by, doctor, and God bless you. Tell THE EVENING WORLD We will pray for it every night."

In 512 Fast Fifteenth street, Mary, aged eight years, is found in a kitchen, crying as if her little heart would break. She has sore eves and a ghastly white complexion neither healthful nor pleasing to contemplate. Con sidering her emsciated condition, the doctor had given her an excursion ticket with special request that she be admitted to the boat, but "the police said I was too big. and to go home." There is no cheer for he grief in future promise, so we give her a few dimes and send her off on a Staten Island boat to have an excursion all by herself, and the smiles break through the tears and her sobs are heard till we reach the lower ball.

Mrs. G., also a resident of 512 East Fif teenth street, is crushed by poverty, sickness and misfortune. She stepped on a nail fringed piece of borrel hoop a few days ago and the wounds have not only disabled her but deranged her system and that of the norsing babe as well. We find her sitting on the edge of the bed, in which her husband, a night watchman, is asleep. Her injured foot is in a bandage resting on a tin pan, in her lan is the sick in ant, and two little girls are playing near the window. Frances, the eider, interests the doctor. She has rabbit eyes,

"No. No friends anywhere but in heaven,

A prescription for the babe, 25 cents for the convulsive fair-haired Frances, a dime for

At 514 East Fifteenth street we find a bouse morous. For all the doctor has the most tender regard, for some a cake of soap, for others a vial of oil to heal the scaly head, and for the very poorest and the nearest to death an onnce of brandy to be used, a teaspoonful at a time, in the food.

On the third floor we enter a home where there is a heart-broken mother and five children, the infant and a two-year-old sick with diarrhoa. The rent is unpaid and there is no food in the house. The mother cries as she tells the doctor her story. "We have had no breakfast, and all the money in the house is a nicket to buy Evening Wonlds for the little boy. He makes 20 cents every evening, and on that we depend for our sup-

"This girl is fourteen. She earned \$2.25 in a factory rolling eigardites, but there is no | till midnight walks the street, carrying the work now, I don't know what I can do. But for you the child would have died long

In her tears her voice is lost, and her sorrow and the condition of the little ones make us ery, too.

They are nice children, well formed, and, would you believe it? well bred. The newspaper dealer, aged eleven, is as beautiful a opy of the young Raphael as I ever saw in flesh and blood. In decent attire the mother would be strikingly handsome, for her figure is superb. She has magnificent bair, kinky and copper tinted, a good face and honest,

shy, blue eyes, She wears a ragged calico, and a man's coat, rom which the sleeves have been cut, is tightly buttoned about her body. Her feet are bare and her face is the picture of despair. Everything has been carried to the pawn-shop furn ture, dishes, clothes, pillows, bedding, and even the doors and feet of the stove have been removed and sold for pennies to save the life of the sick child.

We have no money, not even a dime, but at home there is a bank-note, for which I bless "C. B. R.," and if Jennie will send ber little girl for it half is hers. "Thank you." is all she can say.

Poor Jennie! Her tears scald her pretty face and move our very hearts. She will satisfy the agent first, buy the sick child medicine and then there will be \$1.25 for food. Perhaps we can find clothes for the children; perhaps the sun will shine again in the cheerless home.

The doctor finds three cases of diarrhoeal diseases in one house. They beggar our pity and weigh our hearts because of the consciousness of our inability to assist and com-One family of eight, of whom three are

sick, live in two small rooms, the rear of

At 512 East Fifteenth street the doctor

reats a thirteen-year-old pale-faced girl, hor-

which the father uses as a carpenter shop.

watering places. . . . Why Mrs. Plunkett still clings to A. Bentley Worthington. . . . Why Harrison wants to visit Blaine.

> parents after all the gush about his filial affec-Why we have cloudbursts and electric storms now instead of heavy rains and thunder-storms.

Why John L. don't go home and see his

stove or some neavy resistant making it

necessary for the mother to watch him as she

In the same family lives a consin, Katie by

name, age ten years, the victim of a heart

trouble that has interested Dr. Constable for

the post fortnight and puzzled his friends in the profession. The little heart has no beat, but

a whizzing motion as distindtly audible as

the revolving wheel in a piece of machinery.

Katie's father died not long ago and her

mother has gone to Germany as nurse in the

The child amuses herself Pene ope fashion,

with a cotton tidy which she knite and rips

and knits and rips again. The wear is telling

on the material, but Katie has an abundance

of patience and knots all along the thread et

Her companion in misery is a five-month

babe, living on the ground floor, who has

been nearer death than health for the last

five weeks. He is the color of parchment, so

thin that one might count the bones in the

little skeleton and too weak to move. He

has fainting spells through the day and

moans all night long. The mother is worn

and sick from loss of sleep, and from dawn

poor child in her arms to give him the bene-

A card is made out to admit the mother and

child to the seaside hospital, and vials of

kitchen window; but if my interpretation of

prepared food, oil and tonic are left on the

the doctor's face is correct the helpless,

almost lifeless, little creature will need a

cedar box before the boat is ready for the

All honor to Dr. Constable! Two hundred

families visited in one round. The good

accomplished is not to be calculated arith-

meti ady. But how he did hustle across the

tin roofs and through the crowded tenements.

NOBODY KNOWS.

Why Clarence Bowen should be prominent on

Why Chicago thinks herself entitled to the

Why Berry Wall only gets 25 cents for the

Why it costs 40 cents to go to Coney Island,

Why it's always a "brilliant season" at the

the Exposition Committee after the Centennial

NELL NELBON.

To think of it even now tires

Why the Salt Trust fizzled.

Exposition in 1892.

champagne corks he sells.

Why we don't have a cool wave.

and only 20 cents to South Beach.

family of a wealthy New York lady.

intervals of two inches and less.

fit of the cool free air.

Friday trip.

experience.

would an infant.

A REMARKABLE EXPOSÉ.

The public are interested in pure food. They also appreciate honorable dealing. When the manufacturer of an article which is to go into the stomach as food comes up before them in the newspapers with advertisements of his wares, they demand that he shall be both truthful and honest in his representations. It goes without saying that the manufacturer who willingly or fraudulently misrepresents as to endorsements which he may have received can lay no claim to the patronage of the people whom he has thus sought to deceive. "False in

one, false in all," is the watchword in such a case. It may be a matter of interest to housekeepers to know that a certain Baking Powder Co. has published in its advertisements throughout the country, false statements representing that the National Board of Health, at Washington, had endors-

ed its brand of baking powder. In order that the public may fully appreciate the extent and character of these misrepresentations and understand to what depth a manufacturer can descend for the purpose of seeking favor or patronage at the hands of the public and prejudicing the public against the well-established brands of others, the following extract is given from a letter recently addressed to the Royal Baking Powder Company, of New York, by the Secretary of the National Board of Health, which will serve to make plain the attempted deception :

EXTRACT FROM LETTER. NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH,

Washington, D. C., April 25, 1889. "I have read the papers with astonishment at the unbounded assurance displayed by the Price Baking Powder Co., in attempting to use the National Board of Health for the purpose of giving credit to Dr. Price's cream baking powder. I am unwilling that this Board should be used for the purpose of misleading the public in the slightest degree. I have to say, therefore, that this Board never, in any manner, shape, or form, commended, 'indorsed,' or 'favorably reported on Dr. Price's Baking Powder,' or declared that 'with the exception of Dr. Price's Baking Powder every sample was found to be more or less drugged or tainted,' and any statement that conveys such an impression, directly or indirectly, is wholly untrue.

"W. P. DUNWOODY,

" Secretary National Board of Health." That the public may have an insight as to how other official examinations have resulted for Price's Baking Powder, the following from the official report upon the adulteration of articles of food sold in Canada, made by the Canadian Government, is subjoined. It uses the following language:

"Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains matter insoluble in water, 24.16 per cent. consisting of starch and tartrate of lime; a mixture adulterated 20 per cent."

In the examination of baking powders and official tests made by the Ohio State Food Commission, Price's Baking Powder was shown to contain 12.66 per cent. residuum or inert matter.